



# THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION  
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

*Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.*

No. 44.

Price, Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL'S RED ALLIES

OR  
HAND TO HAND WITH THE DEVIL GANG



BY  
THE AUTHOR OF  
'BUFFALO BILL'

THEN, WITH HIS WAR-CRY RINGING ON HIS LIPS, AND A REVOLVER IN EACH HAND, BUFFALO BILL RUSHED TO THE CHARGE.





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## Buffalo Bill's Red Allies;

OR,

## HAND TO HAND WITH THE DEVIL GANG.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

### CHAPTER I.

#### BUFFALO BILL.

Among the loungers on the piazza of the Block Hotel, as the principal house in Pokertown was called, was a man whose appearance would attract attention in any assemblage.

He was a man over six feet tall, straight as a Mexican *lancero*, had broad-shoulders, small hands and feet, and dressed with an extravagance that was especially marked in that frontier town, where a blue woolen or red woolen shirts, and coarse pants, stuck in the tops of stout boots, was the makeup of the average citizen.

The person in question, however, wore black broadcloth pants, stuck in cavalry boots, the heels of which were adorned with massive spurs.

His shirt was of soft white silk, the collar being turned down over his velvet sack coat, which was open, displaying an embroidered belt, with a large silver buckle.

That the belt contained a pair of revolvers and a knife, none that knew the man doubted, though they were not visible.

A wide-brimmed slouch hat, encircled by a gold cord, and fastened up on one side with a gold pin, a miniature revolver, sat jauntily upon his head, and shaded his darkly-bronzed, stern face.

Though his face was stern and a trifle sad, yet it was very handsome, and there was that in it to interest the most indifferent reader of the human countenance.

Half-a-hundred other men were on the piazza, in



the barroom, or grouped on the steps, yet none were the equal of this one, who, as he sat with his feet on the railing in front of him, puffing a cigar he seemed hugely to enjoy, appeared totally unconscious, or, if conscious, wholly indifferent to the fact that he was the object of almost universal attention, and of whispered conversation.

Though he had a ranch some miles away from Pokertown, not often was he seen in the streets, and its citizens never saw him but they regarded him with interest, and their mien toward him proved that he was held in a certain awe.

"Well, Dan, the stage is just a little late," said he, as Dan Doyle, politely called "Governor Dan" by the boys, and the proprietor of the Block House, came forward to where his honored guest sat, smoking.

"True, Bill, it is half-an-hour late, and I am always a trifle suspicious when it happens, since the Desperado Devils have begun collecting tolls, as they have of late."

"So am I, Dan, as I am expecting some friends, as you know, soon, and in a few days will begin to run out with Andy, to be on hand should the Devils attack them."

"Don't do it, Bill, unless you have help inside, or you may yet turn up your toes, for the Devils are a fearful lot, they say, and their captain, Tiger, they call him, well deserves the name—Ha! there goes Andy's horn now."

As the words left the "governor's" lips, the clear notes of a stage horn came floating down from the mountain, and then followed the rapid rattle of wheels, and next the stage appeared in sight, dashing along at a slapping pace.

"Something's wrong, or Andy would not drive that hill the way he does," said Dan, and all were on their feet now, gazing anxiously toward the coming

stage—all but Buffalo Bill, who retained his seat and puffed away calmly at his cigar.

A few moments of suspense, for there was evidently something wrong with the coming stage, and Andy Rush reined his team up before the Block Hotel, and threw his lines to the stable boys, while he sprang to the ground.

"Well, Andy?" called out the proprietor.

"But it ain't well, Gov'nor Dan, as there has been trouble.

"Are Buffalo Bill here?" was the reply of the driver.

A dozen voices cried out:

"He are."

"Yes, I am here, Andy; how are you?" and Bill approached, the crowd making way for him.

"I have one of your friends inside, Bill, and t'other one got left on the road."

"Which one?" and Buffalo Bill sprung to the stage door.

"The old man. The gal are inside."

Instantly the door was thrown open, and into Buffalo Bill's arms sprang a Jew peddler.

The manner in which he continued on his way through the crowd, and the shout of laughter which went up, proved that Bill was not pleased with the person who had so affectionately sprung into his arms.

"Oh, Mr. Cody, thank Heaven I find you here," said a low voice, and Buffalo Bill took the slender form from the vehicle, and led her into the hotel, while behind her came a young parson.

"Boys, this heur gent are the new Bible churning, I reckon, jedging from his looks, but he are the doggondes fightin' parson I ever seen, as he jist laid two of the Desperado Devils out fer cold meat, an' saved the old hearse, or I are a liar.



"Come, parson, and wet your whistle, so thet ther Doxology will run smooth as fallin' off a log, when yer shouts it ter ther boys on a Sunday;" and, slipping his arm in that of the abashed young minister, Andy drew him into the barroom, followed by the crowd, curious to know all that had happened.

But, now realizing that the admiration of the driver was going to force a drink upon him, the parson drew back, and said in an earnest tone:

"I thank you, my friend, for your kind invitation, but will be frank enough to tell you that liquor was at one time wellnigh my ruin, and only from the degradation to which it dragged me did I rise to become what I am now, a clergyman."

"Waal, pard, yer knows best, but take a cigar, for I admires yer, I do, an' if yer can sling Scriptur as yer can bullets, yer'll hit every sinner in Pokertown square, and call in ther chips of wickedness."

The parson accepted the treat of a cigar, and then sought to escape, but Andy called out:

"Boys, I'll not pour speerits down while ther parson are heur, or axe you ter do so, but when he are gone ter his den, then we'll take a leetle drop.

"But now, first and foremost, I wishes ter say, in ther presence o' thar boss gospel grinder I ever see, that ther Desperado Devils tackled us, and they got two o' my pilgrims, draggin' 'em out o' ther hearse, an' they would hev got more, ef it hadn't been for ther parson, who showed fight, when I didn't believe it were in him, an' tharby saved ther gold dust an' ther other pilgrims.

"Now, boys, yer knows him by my interdooce, an' ef any man in Pokertown don't treat him white, he'll have ter settle with Andy Rush, an' go ter judgment.

"Yer hyers me talk."

"Three cheers fer ther fightin' parson!" yelled a voice, and in the yells that followed the young min-

ister managed to escape, and sought his room, while the crowd assembled around Andy, who told over minutely the incidents of the attack by the Desperado Devils.

Into the parlor of the hotel Buffalo Bill escorted the maiden, whose face was white and full of anguish when she sank down upon the sofa.

"Oh, Mr. Cody, my poor, poor father!" she groaned.

"I received your father's letter, Miss Insley, telling me that he would return soon, but I did not expect you for some days yet, or I would have gone to meet you."

"Yes, we anticipated our starting time by several days, but, tell me, is there no hope for my poor father?"

"He was not killed, then?"

"No."

"You were attacked by the Desperado Devils, I believe?"

"Yes, some miles back on the mountains."

"But how did you manage to escape?"

"My father seemed to feel most nervous as we drew near Pokertown, as though he had a presentiment of trouble, and asked the driver to go faster. He said he would attempt to run through if attacked, for he recognized us as your friends, it seems.

"But there was a man riding on the box with him, whom we all thought to be a miner and a passenger, and when the driver attempted to run the gauntlet he prevented him, I believe, and the stage came to a halt.

"Then the man whom we thought to be a miner appeared at the door, and he proved to be Captain Tiger himself, for by that name the leader of the outlaws is called, I believe.



"The young clergyman fired upon him, and wounded him, for he staggered back, and I heard the cry to 'seize the girl.'

"There was a lady in the coach with us, and she was seized and dragged out of one door, as my father was out of the other, and we would all have been captured had not the young clergyman killed two of the outlaws who grasped me by the arms.

"Then I fainted, and when I recovered consciousness the stage was standing still near a brook, and the clergyman was bathing my face.

"The driver said that my father and the veiled lady had been captured, and the minister's killing the two outlaws had saved us the gold, for he called to him to drive on."

"That was a plucky young parson," said Buffalo Bill, in admiration.

"He was, indeed, and I owe him more than I can ever repay.

"But is there any hope for my father, and that poor lady, Mr. Cody?"

"I hope so, and I believe so, Miss Insley.

"At any rate, I shall take the trail at once to try to rescue them."

"Please be sure and take plenty of men with you."

"No, I shall go alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes, as I can do better alone.

"But did you recognize Captain Tiger as any one you had seen before, Miss Insley?"

"No, sir."

"There was nothing about him that struck you familiarly?"

"There was not."

"Describe him, please."

"He was in rough miner's dress, slouch hat, and had bushy head and beard."

"A small man?"

"No, rather tall and stout."

"His eyes?"

"Were very bright, but I do not know the color."

"But he did not strike you as being your old foe, Harcourt, in disguise?"

The maiden shuddered, and answered in a low tone:

"Oh, Heaven forbid! As he had not been heard from for so long, so you wrote my father, I believed and hoped, wicked as it may seem for me to say so, that he was dead."

"I will tell you frankly, Miss Insley, that it is now my belief that he is not dead, and, if alive, the character of Captain Tiger just fits him.

"But do not be alarmed, for I will do all I can to save your father, and, as soon as I have had a talk with that brave young preacher and Andy, I will start on the trail of the Desperado Devils."

"From my heart I thank you, Mr. Cody, but I fear so to have you go alone."

"I can work better alone.

"Now, go to your rooms, the ones you had when you were here before, and Dan will make you as comfortable as possible."

She silently pressed his hand, and turned away, and then Buffalo Bill entered the barroom, where his coming was greeted with a shout of welcome from his numerous admirers.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE COUNCIL.

"Andy, I wish to see you for a moment," said Buffalo Bill, when he had asked the party present before the bar to "take something," an invitation which was accepted with promptitude.

"Waal, Bill, I suppose yer wants ter hear me



shout about that trouble up in ther hills?" said Andy, when the two were in Bill's room together.

"Yes, Andy, for I am on a scent I intend to run down.

"Tell me all you know."

"I'll do it, but let me git ther sky pilot, fer he can talk of what he seen, and maybe he can help you."

"Do so, Andy, and I will await you here."

Andy disappeared, but soon returned, accompanied by the young minister.

Bill saw that the clergyman had a face that was handsome, beardless, and very attractive.

He was neatly dressed in a black suit, which showed to advantage a fine form, and bowed as he entered the rooms with the air of one who wanted to be on friendly terms with the world in general.

"This are ther pulpit-pounder, Bill, and he are clear grit, as were Sampton as slugged ther P'illistin's with a jaw bone.

"Pulpit pard, this heur are William Cody.

"His Christian cognomen are Buffalo Bill, an' ef yer could jest see him sail inter a row and send sinners ter glory, it would delight yer hallelujah soul clean through.

"Gents, shake, fer I interdooes yer."

With this characteristic introduction, Bill and the parson shook hands.

But, suddenly starting, as though he had forgotten something of importance, Andy said:

"Pard, dern my soul, ef I ain't forgot ter ax yer handle."

"You mean my name, I suppose, Mr. Rush?" said the parson, with a smile.

"Mister Rush! Waal, that does git me!

"I hain't been calt Mister Rush sin' Adam were a baby, biblycally speakin', pulpit pard, on your account.

"Yas, I do mean yer name, but if yer has did anything that hes caused yer ter advertise it, an' sail out heur ter be a Bible banger, jist shout and any old name will do."

"I am not ashamed of my name, my friend.

"It is Harvey Haviland."

"Good name fer a picter book, I declare.

"Bill, this are Parson Harvey Haviland, who are ter run ther meetin'-house o' Pokertown in opposition ter Carrot's bar and ther Palis o' Fortin, and if he doesn't strike ther bed rock o' sin, then I are a liar."

The young minister laughed lightly, and, wishing to check Andy's tongue, which had been set going by a few extra drinks, Buffalo Bill said:

"Parson, I am glad to welcome you to Pokertown, and you can count on me for a friend.

"But, as Miss Insley, who was your fellow-passenger to-day, and her father are old friends of mine, I wish you to tell me all that you can regarding the attack on the stage by the Desperado Devils."

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Cody," said the parson, whose face had flushed at the mention of the name of Edna Insley.

"Did you notice the leader, sir?"

"I did, for I fired on him."

"And wounded him?"

"Yes, for he staggered back, and fell on one knee.

"But the shot seemed not fatal, for I saw him rally quickly, and issue orders."

"How many men had he with him?"

"Nine."

"Was he a man who was on the stage in the garb of a miner?"

"He was."

"But took command as soon as he sprung from the box?"



"Yes, but was disguised, for one-half of his beard was tucked in, as though he had hastily put on a false wig and beard."

"Thet is jist what he did do, tho' I hev not sed it afore, Bill."

"What did he do, Andy?"

"Waal, when I started ter run through ther fire, thet miner youth by me jist levelled a revolver at my head, and then he jerked off his wig and beard, and I saw I hed been sold in thinkin' he was honest."

"Describe him, Andy."

"Without his toggery?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I were jist a leetle flurried, but he were a han'some cuss, as far as I see, with smooth face, yaller hair, and an eye thet hed ther glitter o' a snake."

"And he resumed his disguise again?"

"He did fer sartin."

"It was a preconcerted arrangement, sir, doubtless, between the captain and his men, and they came to his aid promptly," put in the Rev. Harvey Haviland.

"They is well trained; but, Bill, yer shud hev seen ther parson drop two of 'em, both hit squar' in ther forehead, as true as he c'u'd sling a hymn book at a deacon fer raisin' ther wrong tune."

"I saw, sir," said the minister, calmly, as though wishing to excuse his having taken life, "that the desperadoes meant the worst kind of mischief, for they had fired full in the face of a Jew, who was a passenger, and Mr. Insley, and his daughter seemed to be their particular game, for the gentleman was seized and dragged from the stage, while a veiled lady, evidently mistaken for Miss Insley, was also pulled out of the vehicle."

"Ah! you think she was taken by mistake then for Miss Insley?" asked Bill, quickly.

"I do, sir."

"I am not usually flurried in danger, Mr. Cody, and I saw all that passed," was the quiet reply.

"I bet yer; fer he were as cool as ther leadin' at traction at a funeral, an', pard, ef yer is a glory shouter now, I'll bet my leaders ag'in' yer Old Testament thet yer had been whar shootin' was did in t'other days."

Buffalo Bill noticed that this random shot of Andy Rush seemed to hit home, for the young clergyman turned slightly pale, and a shadow crossed his face, as though the remark had opened an old wound, while he said, in a hasty way:

"Yes, the leader was disguised, and I feel confident that Mr. and Miss Insley were his game, as much as the gold."

"And I believe you are right, sir, and your words will go far in aiding me to identify the leader."

"Captain Tiger?"

"Yes, so called."

"You think you know him, then?"

"I do, as one both Mr. Insley and his daughter have cause to dread."

"The truth is, the parson and I wish it to go no further, Andy."

"I'm deaf, dumb and blind on secrets, Bill."

"I know that I can trust you, Andy, and will say that Mr. Insley was once a miner, and struck a good lead, but he had an enemy, who sought to find out where he had hidden his gold, and, getting him in his power, tried to wring the secret from him by torture."

"In this he failed, and Mr. Insley and his daughter, after an absence of some time in the East, believing their old foe dead, were coming West to get the buried treasure when this attack was made."

"Fortunately, Miss Insley escaped, but, unfor-



unately, Mr. Insley is in the hands of Captain Tiger, who I believe to be none other than his old enemy."

"But how did he know, if he be the man you think, that the father and daughter were coming West?" asked Parson Haviland.

"I received a letter some time ago from Mr. Insley, telling me he would come West soon, and the letter had been opened, I am now confident.

"As it must have been opened by Captain Tiger, who again replaced it in the mail, he knew its contents, and, in disguise, went back on the Overland Mail, met Mr. Insley and his daughter, and came West again on the same stage with them."

"He joined us at Flushtown," said the parson.

"Yas, he bounced upon ther box with me at Flushtown," added Andy.

"Well, he is none other than their old foe, I am morally certain, and I hope, parson, that your wound did not prove fatal."

"If it would save the life of Miss Insley's father, and her from harm, I sincerely hope so, myself, though my cloth is not worn by those who kill generally," was the fervent reply of the young preacher.

"He shall not die by that villain's hands, and she shall not suffer if I can prevent it.

"Now, I must start to work, and, parson, if I need your aid, I know you will give it."

"Willingly, Mr. Cody."

"And I may call on you, Andy, but I have not decided fully upon my plans as yet."

"Count on me, Bill, fer I'll be thar."

"Now, let's hev a leetle sunshiny smile of Carrot's best brandy."

But both the parson and Buffalo Bill refused, and Andy adjourned to the bar, as he expressed it:

"Ter play a lone hand agin pizen."

## CHAPTER III.

## FOR A LIFE.

In a cavernous retreat, some miles from Pokertown, shortly after the attack on the stagecoach by Captain Tiger and his band, known as the Desperado Devils, a man sat alone.

He was of large stature, broad-shouldered, and had a face thickly covered with beard, while his hair hung below his shoulders.

He was dressed in a suit of corduroys, wore his pants stuck in the tops of his boots, and was armed with revolvers, and knife that looked as though they were meant for use and not show.

The place where he was seated upon the rocks was a cañon's end, and so far overarched by the rocky sides as to form almost a cave.

The spot was called by the few who knew of its existence, "Satan's Den," and the approach to it was so wild and forbidding that the name did not seem inappropriate.

"Well, I have kept my part of the agreement, for I am here and I have been here for three days, and if they don't come, I'll go now and see who I can get in Pokertown to join me in the work, for I have sworn that that man shall die, and I will keep my word or lose my life."

The man spoke aloud, and with savage earnestness, and then he sprang to his feet, as though urged to motion by his thoughts, and began to pace to and fro.

Suddenly he halted, for there fell on his ear the sound of iron ringing against rock.

A moment after a voice was heard saying:

"Waal, this are well called Satan's Den, an' I guesses we'll find ther devil at home, pards, as I seed er horse up yonder."

He pointed to where an animal was visible up the cañon, lariatied out near a spring.



It was the horse of the man in the retreat.

The speaker was one of four men, all well mounted, well armed, and roughly dressed as miners.

They were hard-looking characters, a single glance was sufficient to show, and just such a quartet as might be employed in any devilish work.

"Yes, the devil's at home," and the man in the corduroys stepped out from the shadow of the overhanging rocks, and confronted the four horsemen, who instinctively drew rein and their revolvers at the same time.

"Yer skeert us, pard," said one, as all now seemed to recognize the man.

"If you are that easily frightened, you'll be no good for the work I want you to do," was the reply.

"Try me, that's all, fer I am not as scary as I looks.

"But here we is, pard; what's yer name?"

"Call me Captain Corduroy."

"It'll fit yer, and that's ther handle we'll hold yer by.

"But we is heur."

"So I see, but late."

"The Bible said, when I were a Sunday-school kid, it are better late than never ter git thar," said the man who seemed to be the spokesman of the four men.

"True; well, dismount, and after we have had something to eat, we'll talk over the work to be done," and Captain Corduroy threw some sticks on a fire nearby, and spread out some edibles from his haversack.

The quartet lariatied their horses out to feed, and soon the five were busy discussing the contents of their provision bag.

"Now, Captain Corduroy, shout ther music in which we is ter join in ther chorus," said Carr, the former speaker among the four.

"Well, when I sought you in the mines I told you to engage three good men and true for some rough work that would bring good pay."

"And heur are ther gents, though I doesn't swar they is good or true, fer ther characters is left behind them.

"But, cap'n, they hes ther grip o' a wildcat, and kin hold on like a bulldog."

"Just the kind of men I want, for the one on whose trail I am and have been for two years, is a man hard to get away with."

"And is we five goin' ter grip on one man?"

"Yes."

"We'll chaw him up."

"Not so easily as I have known him to kill five men in less than two minutes."

"Durnation! who are the hunting hyena on two legs?"

"He is called Buffalo Bill."

"Buffalo Bill!"

"Yes, perhaps you have heard of him?"

"Heard o' him? Pard, you is jokin', for we hasn't heard o' nobody else in these parts o' late.

"Yer see, he got away with Dagger Dan, the noted road-agent, cap'n, and then he fanned out a gang as tackled him at his ranch, and news come floatin' up to us how he got ther drop on ther two chaps as called themselves Blond and Brunette Bill, and, I tell yer, he are a terror."

"Then you understand why I want five men to do the work of calling in his chips."

"I does."

"He has a ranch not far from here, and on the trail to Pokertown.

"If we don't find him on his ranch, he'll be in Pokertown."

"Yas."



"When we meet him, I will give a signal, and we'll open on him together."

"Yer don't like him then?"

"No, sir."

"Yer don't 'pear ter do so."

"I hate him, and I have sworn to kill him."

"But yer wants help?"

"Yes, as there must be no mistake this time."

"Yer hez tried it on, then, before?"

"I have."

"But his toes wouldn't turn up far enough?"

"Curse him! he killed my brother."

"Were yer brother sich a leetle lamb as ter let him do it?"

"My brother was a wild, reckless fellow, but had a good heart."

"He was drunk one day, and, in sport, was going to hang up a nigger, just to scare him."

"Likely it did scare him, too?"

"He did not intend to kill him, only to have some fun with him, and Buffalo Bill interferred, there was a row and he killed poor Jim."

"Waal?"

"My other brother, Sandy, and myself, started on the track of Buffalo Bill to avenge poor Jim."

"And whar are Sandy Corduroy, now?" asked Carr, as the other paused from suppressed emotion.

"Dead!" was the savage reply.

"Toes turned up to the daisies?"

"Buffalo Bill killed him."

"Like as not, for they do say he gets away with all who is lookin' arter him."

"We met him one night, a year ago, and attacked him; he shot Sandy dead in his tracks, and the wound he gave me——"

"Then you met him there?"

"The wound he gave me kept me in bed for several months."

"Lordy! yer wasn't able to see yer brother planted?"

"No; but I live to avenge him, and, as I told you up in the camps, I will pay you well for your work."

"Waal, we is ther pets ter do ther biz."

"I have found out his haunts since I saw you, and know just where to find him if he is not at his ranch."

"We will pretend to be miners from the upper camp, traveling around for a little spree, and when we meet Buffalo Bill, keep your eyes on me, and, at a given signal, I will draw, and you do the same, and if I don't drop him, then you do the work."

"We'll be thar, but it do look jist a leetle rough for five o' us ter jump on one man."

"If you see the man you won't think so."

"Waal, he do hev ther name o' being a howling terror, and it are safer ter tackle him with odds."

"But there are trees in this kintry, pard, and they do say as how thar be Vigilantes around."

"Bah! all in Pokertown, if we kill him there, will be glad to get rid of him, for the whole town is afraid of him."

"Come, let us be off to his ranch."

Five minutes after, the five villains were on their way to carry out their deadly work, if they could.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WARNING.

When Andy Rush re-entered the bar, where the red-headed attendant, or "spiritual dispenser," Carrots, was doing a rushing business he found there a motley assemblage indeed.

There were tradesmen of the town, miners from the camps, cowboys from the surrounding ranches, sports, idlers, and a few strangers who had just arrived in Pokertown.

They were miners, they said, from further up the



country, and having dug out a rich harvest of gold and metal, had come to spend a little of it in having a good time.

There were five of them present, and they were evidently having a "good time," according to their ideas, for they were drinking heavily, and one of their number, a large man, clad in corduroys, was "standing treat" continually for the thirsty souls in Pokertown, whose thirst seemed to increase with every drink.

"Come, Andy, let me interdooce yer, ter my perticker friend, Cap'n Corduroy, o' Calamity City up ther mountains," cried a tipsy idler whose friendship with the captain had begun but half an hour before, and increased according to the treats he had received at his hands.

Then he continued:

"Cap'n Corduroy, this are Andy Rush, the boss o' 'em all in handling the ribbons over a team o' six, and ther man who were on ther box when Cap'n Tiger and his gang tackled ther hearse this mornin'!"

Andy accepted the outstretched hand of Captain Corduroy, who then presented him to his four pards from Calamity City, and the driver, having come in for a drink, was not averse to joining the strangers.

Captain Corduroy, it was evident, wanted to win the favor of the denizens of Pokertown, and he sought the hearts of the masses, by filling their stomachs with liquor at his own expense.

As captain, he claimed that he had the right to treat twice to one time of each of his four companions, and thus it went on, until the Block Hotel rung with the shots of the drunken roughs.

"This is where hangs out that desperado, Buffalo Bill?" said Captain Corduroy, addressing Andy.

The driver turned and laid his hand upon the captain's shoulder, and said with drunken solemnity, but in real earnest:

"Stranger, don't you whistle out no such word as desperado where that clean grit white man are concerned, or thar'll be trouble."

"You don't mean that he will cause me trouble?"

"I does mean that, and more."

"What more?"

"Thar be friends o' his here as won't hear a word said against him."

"Bah! I have heard that he is hated here by all that know him."

"Yer hes heard a durned lie."

"What!"

"I say it are a lie, fer Buffalo Bill hev done more fer this town than any other man, and ther hain't no one in trouble as he don't help out, while he sometimes are on hand ter clean out them as comes heur fer a fight.

"I want ter be friendly with yer, stranger pard, but don't yer say nothin' agin Buffalo Bill, for he are my friend."

"Well, Mr. Rush, I don't wish trouble with you or any other man in Pokertown, for we came here to have a good time, and are not quarrelsome.

"We'll spend our money free, and do the square thing all around. But I have met Buffalo Bill; I hate him, and I owe him a grudge I hope one day to settle."

"Pard, yer talks squar', but onless yer keeps yer tongue atween yer teeth, ther fust thing yer knows, up will go yer toes ter ther moonlight, and Buffalo Bill will be payin' ther expenses o' buryin' yer."

"I do not fear him," and it was evident that the potations he had just indulged in were making Captain Corduroy very reckless of consequences.

"I don't say yer is skeert, but, onless yer wants deadly trouble, and yer good time in Pokertown spiled, don't say nothin' as will bring yer ter drawing agin Bill."



It was evident that Carr and his immediate friends were sorry to see Captain Corduroy "let the cat out of the bag," or divulge the secret, for they could see that Buffalo Bill was not so unpopular there as they had been led to believe, and as they had heard that he was in town, they felt that to kill him without trouble to themselves from the citizens there must be some good cause on their part.

Having given his advice to Captain Corduroy, Andy called for drinks, and when they had been disposed of, he slipped out of the crowd.

Going to Bill's room, he failed to find him, and then he strolled down to the store where he always traded.

There he found him, laying in a supply of provisions for a trip, and also filling his cartridge boxes with ammunition.

"Waal, Bill, yer is fixin' fer ther trail, it seems," he said.

"Yes, Andy, for I start out soon to see what I can trace out regarding where the outlaws have taken Mr. Insley and that unfortunate lady."

"Bill, ef I wasn't tied to ther Overland, I would go with yer, but, as yer knows, I hes ter go out in the mornin' agin with ther old hearse."

"I know it, Andy, and if I wanted company, you are the first man I should look for to go with me.

"But somehow, I do better alone, when I wish to ferret out any work of a mysterious kind.

"Come, go with me to the stable, for I must get my horse and be off."

"Bill, I orter let yer go without tellin' yer suthin, but somehow I cannot."

"What is it, Andy?"

"Waal, fust and foremost, there are five galoots in ther hotel, come down from Calamity City ter have a good time."

"Well, can't they be accommodated here?"

"Yas, fer as fer that, ther graveyard are not full, and thar are room fer more."

"Ah, they want a row?"

"That seems ter be their way o' thinkin' Bill."

"Well, you keep out of it, Andy, for there are five of them, you say, and you are too good a man to be killed.

"Let some of those we can spare in Pokertown get into the circus."

"But, Bill, I is jist a leetle afeard thet it are a better man than I be that they are lookin' fer."

"Who?"

"You."

"No!"

"I mean it."

"Who are they?"

"Ther cap'n calls himself Cap'n Corduroy, and ther handles o' the rest I didn't catch, sir."

"I know no such man, at least by that name."

"Names is slippery out here, Bill."

"Yes, but what makes you think they want a row with me?"

"I'll tell yer, Bill.

"Fust and foremost, they five comed heur together.

"Then they is all big fellers, which looks as though they is bent on mischief, and didn't scare easy.

"Thar weepins is good and not fancy, and they hang together like a drove of sheep, not one of them gettin' out o' arm's length o' t'others.

"They spend thar money free as pourin' water on a duck's back, and I was interdooosed to ther cap'n, who interdooosed me ter his pards, and he told me he had a grudge agin yer, and called yer a desperado."

"Well, I am often called pet names, Andy."

"Yes, and thar are many who holds ill feelin' agin yer, too, but still I thinks these fellows means biz."



"We can soon find out, Andy."

"I knows it, fer arter I left them, that Chineeman washerwoman at ther hotel asked whar yer was, an' said as how Miss Insley wanted ter see yer."

"I told Chineee I would look yer up, and I were passin' ther door when I heard the followin' remark:

"'Cap'n, ef yer gives ther thing away, Buffalo Bill will suspect, for somebody will tell him, and then up goes our toes.'

"I looked in ther window, Bill, and I see it were ther stranger pards a-chinnin' together, and I says ter myself:

"'I guess I'll put Bill on his guard.'"

"And I thank you, Andy."

"Now, do me a favor."

"I'll do it ef it's ter get drunk, Bill."

"No; simply go back to the hotel and sit on the piazza, and when you see me coming up the street, cry out:

"'There comes Buffalo Bill.'"

"But they'll get ready for you, Bill."

"No, not sooner than I will for them."

"If they show signs to prove I am their game, you wave your hat to me, and I'll set the circus going."

"Now, describe them, please."

This Andy did in his quaint way, and while Bill went after his splendid black horse, Midnight, the driver returned to the hotel.

## CHAPTER V.

### A HOT FIGHT.

When Andy returned to the Block Hotel, he first sought the parlor, for the Chinese waiter had told him he would there find Miss Insley.

"I found Bill, miss, and he said he were comin'."

"Yes; I wished to see him before he departed on his perilous expedition, to make known to him a

haunt where he may be able to find my poor father, if he has not been killed, and I asked the Chinese to find him for me."

"I found him at the store, miss, and he will be up heur soon, and if yer wishes ter see an immortal row, jist yer lie low in this heur parlor and wait fer ther music ter begin."

"I must confess I do not understand you, Mr. Rush," said the mystified young girl, with a slight smile.

"Waal, there are a gang o' geloots in ther bar, and they hev come down from Calamity City, I'm a thinkin', ter go fer Bill, and he knows thar biz, and as he are comin' ter inquire inter it, ther ball will soon open."

"But will you allow a number of men to attack your friend?"

"Oh, I'll be thar, miss, and thar shan't be no under-hand game played again Bill."

"But I must leave yer, miss, and jist yer wait heur a leetle."

With this remark, Andy Rush left the parlor, and Edna Insley, riveted by a fascination she could not resist, remained standing by the window, half-hidden by the heavy coarse curtains, and waiting breathlessly for the coming of what the driver had called a "circus."

In the meantime, the driver re-entered the bar, and found the crowd still drinking heavily, and getting more intoxicated each moment.

But he saw that Captain Corduroy and his comrades, though they had seemingly drunk freely, were apparently more sober than when he had left them, which the further convinced him that they were playing a part, and were not allowing themselves to lose control of their faculties.

The re-entrance of the driver was greeted with a



shout of welcome, and of course he had to drink, and Captain Corduroy treated; but Andy did not swallow the liquor, and watching closely, he saw that the strangers also failed to drink the contents of their glasses, a circumstance none of the drunken crowd observed.

Going out on the piazza, Andy called out:

"Pard strangers, ther comes a man, ef yer wants ter see one, who hesn't got his ekel in these heur parts."

Captain Corduroy and his pards were on the alert at once, and, passing out into the hallway, joined Andy Rush on the piazza, followed by a number of the crowd.

Almost involuntarily, Captain Corduroy called out:

"Buffalo Bill!—be ready!"

Andy heard the words and asked quickly:

"Say, pards, does yer mean harm ter Bill?"

"He means harm to me, and I will but protect myself," cried Captain Corduroy.

"All right, that'll be squar, but es he didn't see yer, I'll jist shout and tell him."

Then he raised his voice and shouted:

"Ho, Bill! thar are danger camped on yer trail heur!"

The warning caused a dead silence to follow, and Captain Corduroy and his pards dropped their hands upon revolvers, as though to first turn them on Andy Rush.

But he had his weapon out already, and the strangers seemed to realize that he was not the man to pick a quarrel with then and there, for a dozen friends were around him.

But with Bill it was different, and Andy's hail had given out a declaration of war.

A man ever cool, Captain Corduroy was for an instant only nonplused, but then he cried:

"Yes, pards, I have come to be on Buffalo Bill's trail, for he killed my two brothers, and right here I intend to avenge them."

This caused a general scattering of the crowd from the piazza, for they were not too drunk to forget that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and they dashed into the barroom with an alacrity that was amusing.

Not because he feared to remain did Andy go too, but he thought that from a window he could better aid Bill, and he took up his stand just inside and waited for what might follow.

The strangers had held their ground.

They had proven themselves generous fellows in facing the bar, and they would not flinch now, where it was a case of five against one man, no matter what the reputation of that man might be.

"Give out ther hymn, cap'n, and we'll shout ther doxology," cried Carr.

"I will meet him first," sternly said the avenger of two brothers, and he stood by the door of the hotel.

"Thet bein' ther case, we'll fall back a leetle," and Carr gave a backward step or two, which was followed by his immediate comrades.

"You'll lose your gold if you desert me," savagely cried Captain Corduroy.

"Hain't desertin', only takin' up a more safer posish, cap'n."

In the meantime Buffalo Bill was coming toward the hotel, his horse at a slow walk.

He had answered the hail of Andy with a wave of his hand and showed no other sign that he understood it.

He saw the sudden decamping of the crowd, and smiled, and then his eyes fell upon the tall form of Captain Corduroy, and all saw that he had recognized him, for he gave a slight start.



He was mounted upon his matchless black, Midnight, sat easily in his saddle, and was evidently equipped for a journey.

As he drew near the steps leading to the hotel piazza, he drew rein and said:

"I thought you were in your grave, Dud Duncan."

"No, Buffalo Bill, I have lived to avenge my brothers," was the savage reply, and the man drew his revolver.

"Then it is war?" said Bill, at the same time drawing his weapon.

"Yes, war to the death!" said Captain Corduroy, and with the last word he threw forward his revolver to fire.

But ere it could flash, the report of Bill's weapon was heard, and the bullet shattered the pistol of his foe, knocking it from his hand.

"Come boys, at him!" cried Captain Corduroy, shaking his hand, severely stunned by the shock, yet very slightly wounded.

Then, with his war-cry ringing on his lips, a revolver in each hand, and his spurs held to the flanks of Midnight, Buffalo Bill rushed to the charge.

It was a thrilling, desperate scene, and the pistol shots rung out quickly.

Reaching the steps, the noble horse bounded up them, with his daring rider, and it was more than the human nature of the Calamity City parads could stand, and they gave back before the desperate advance of the man who rushed upon them, horse and horseman seeming to be one, and bent on one purpose, and that to kill.

There are circumstances that cannot be accounted for by any ordinary reasoning, and the escape of Buffalo Bill from instant death in his desperate charge on horseback was one that, though hundreds saw it, they could not understand.

They saw shot upon shot poured upon him, and then his shot struck the pistol from Captain Corduroy's hand.

They beheld one of the gang fire from the bar-room window upon him with a rifle, and then saw Captain Corduroy fall, then another and another of the scout's assailants drop before the deadly aim of the assailed, and then the noble black animal bestrode by the daring man was safely upon the piazza, and, urged on by his anger-maddened rider, he bounded into the hallway, and then into the bar-room, where he was brought to a sudden halt.

There was a wild scattering, and even Carrots, accustomed as he was to wild scenes and wilder men, dodged behind the bar.

One of the gang was the game that Buffalo Bill had followed there, and hotly pursued by his mounted foe, he had turned at bay.

There were two shots, one that went into a heart, and one that did no harm.

It was the Calamity City man who dropped dead.

And as he fell, Buffalo Bill dismounted and coolly said:

"Carrots, set up the drinks for the crowd, and don't forget Midnight, for he deserves a glass of your best brandy."

There was no excitement about the man whatever now, and the mad fever that had been upon him was gone.

"Come, gentlemen, let us have something," and he turned his piercing eyes over the room.

Then from under tables, behind chairs, up from the other side of the bar, through windows and doors, where all had taken refuge who could, came hosts of thirsty men, in silent, almost appalled admiration of the man they had just seen do a deed none had deemed possible.



"You hain't even nipped, is you, Bill?" asked Andy, coming in from the hallway.

"No, Andy."

"I was sent ter see."

"Who sent you?"

"The young lady."

"Ah!"

"Better come in soon as yer takes suthin', Bill, as she has a present for yer."

"Take something, Andy."

"No, thankee, Bill, not now."

"Then say I'll soon be there, please," and as Andy disappeared, a miner said:

"You kilt 'em all, Bill?"

"No, I only shot at four, and the fifth got away, for there were five of them."

The drinks had by this time been "set up," Carrots seeming to know just what each man wanted, and as Bill threw some pieces of gold on the bar, to pay the score, Andy entered quickly.

"Bill, he hev lit out."

"Who?"

"The boss of 'em all."

"The leader?"

"Yes, Captain Corduroy."

"I shot to kill him."

"Waal, yer missed him."

"I did not, for I saw the cut on his forehead as he fell."

"Then the bullet glanced on his hard skull, and he played 'possum ter git away."

"That may be, but let him go."

"Here, Andy, look after Midnight, while I go and see Miss Insley," and Bill left the barroom, and at once there arose an excited hum of conversation regarding his wonderful achievement.

Going out upon the piazza, Buffalo Bill saw that

Captain Corduroy was indeed gone, though two of his allies lay dead where they had fallen, and a third he had just left lifeless, lying on the floor of the barroom.

When Buffalo Bill made his desperate charge for the piazza, there was one of the strangers from Calamity City who felt that he had made a mistake in volunteering upon a service so dangerous as the killing of the noted ranchero appeared to be.

He was a good shot, and yet both the shots he had fired at long range had proved fruitless, and he noticed that those of Captain Corduroy and his comrades had also failed to bring down the human game they had flushed.

At once, when the eye of Captain Corduroy was not upon him, he turned and darted into the hall.

An open door attracted his attention, and he glided into a large room, rudely, yet comfortably, furnished.

It was what was called the parlor of the hotel, and was devoted wholly to distinguished guests and ladies.

It was no place for the deserting stranger from Calamity City, but it was, he observed, apparently unoccupied, and it afforded a delightful haven of refuge for him just then.

He halted in an uncertain manner for an instant, while the rattle of the revolvers without proved to him that he had been wise in decamping when he did.

The tremendous racket of Midnight's iron hoofs upon the piazza coming to his ears, a sudden thought seemed to seize him, and he darted to the window which was open and looked out upon the piazza.

There was his game, mounted still, and boldly forcing his matchless horse upon the piazza, while Captain Corduroy, lying on his back and apparently dead, also caught the eye of the desperado.



"Now is my chance, Buffalo Bill, and I never miss at close quarters!" hoarsely hissed the villain, and with the side of the window for a rest, he ran his eye along the barrel of his revolver.

Buffalo Bill was not six feet from him, and the curtain concealing his foe, he did not see him, and it looked as though death must certainly follow the shot.

But ere the finger drew on the trigger, a form glided from the shelter of the curtain at the other window, a revolver muzzle was pressed hard against the head of the desperado, whose startled ears were greeted with the words.

"Drop that weapon, sir, or die."

The alacrity with which the villain chose the former alternative proved his appreciation of life.

The weapon fell upon the piazza, and then came the words:

"Drop down on your face, sir, and lie there!"

Never in his life before had the villain lain down in such haste.

"Put your hands behind you, sir."

The order was obeyed.

"Who in thunder are you?" he growled.

"A girl."

"Blarst yer petticoats, what in thunder are ye playing this on me fer?"

"Mr. Cody is my friend, and you sought to kill him."

"Waal, this do beat all."

"Hold your hands closer together—there, now I can tie your wrists firmly together," and with the silken scarf, taken from around her waist, Edna Insley securely bound the desperado's hands behind his back.

"Now, you are safe."

"I doesn't think so, gal, fer I'll be chawed up as soon as thet wild man comes in here."

"Yes, he may kill you," was the consoling response.

"Lordy!"

"It is what you would have done to him, had I not prevented you."

"You mistook, gal, fer I was jist lookin' out at ther circus."

Edna laughed lightly, but it was a laugh the villain did not like.

As the firing had now ceased, the maiden went to the door, and her eye fell upon Andy Rush.

Andy had boldly stood in the doorway, his revolver in his hand, ready to aid Bill with a shot, should he need it, but his admiration for his friend and the great feat he was performing, caused him to keep back unless he was actually needed.

"Bill will slew 'em all, darned ef he won't," he muttered.

"Waal, miss, did yer see ther circus?"

"Is Mr. Cody wounded?" asked the girl.

"Yer kin never tell, as Bill kin carry a skin full of lead and never show it.

"Yas, he carries lead in him the same as he do liquor, miss, fer neither seems ter rile him much."

"I wish you would kindly go and see if Mr. Cody is wounded, sir, and——"

"Lordy! what hev yer thar?" and Andy's eyes fell upon the prostrate and bound stranger.

"A present for Mr. Cody."

"Waal, he are a hearty one, and one of the Calamity gang, too—yas, he are the one that never treated, but allus dranked, when t'others treated.

"I guess he are a sneaking cuss, miss."

"Yes, for I captured him in some deadly work."

"I'll fetch Bill, miss, and he'll be more than pleased."



"Ef he don't kill thet varmint, guess he'll mark him," and Andy went in search of Bill, while Edna and her prisoner breathlessly waited, the former fearing he might have been killed or mortally wounded, the latter fearing he was not.

It was certainly a surprise to Buffalo Bill upon entering the parlor of the hotel to find Edna Insley standing guard over the body of a man, lying prostrate on his face, and bound securely with the maiden's scarf.

"Mr. Cody, I am so glad to see that you are not wounded," and she stretched forth her hand, which Bill took while he answered:

"No, strange to say, I escaped unhurt, and I am surprised at the wretchedness of their firing, but who have you there, Miss Insley?"

"One of your foes, who, fearing to face you, ran in here and would have shot you from the window had I not prevented him."

"Pard, pretty as her mouth are, it's a dodging truth now," put in the prisoner.

"Silence, sir! are you one of the gang of Captain Corduroy?"

"Who are he, pard?"

"Are you from Calamity City?"

"Never was thar."

Buffalo Bill stepped out of the parlor and returned with Andy.

"Is he one of them, Andy?"

"He are."

"That settles it, and I have to thank you, Miss Insley, for saving my life.

"Now, what shall I do with your prisoner?"

"I hope you won't kill him," said Edna.

"No, I never hit a man when he's down."

"Better mark him, Bill," suggested Andy.

"No, as he has done no harm, I'll let him go, and I

will send a message to Captain Corduroy, or Dud Duncan, by him."

"I'll carry it fer yer, pard Bill, and I'll wrestle in prayer fer yer," cried the villain.

"Prayer from such as you is a mockery," said Edna, with a look of contempt.

"I suppose you know, sir, that Captain Corduroy, as you call him, escaped?"

"No, pard, fer I came in heur, not wishin' ter shoot yer or git hurted myself."

"I have no doubt that you wished to escape injury yourself, sir, and it is well for you that you came in here, for three of your comrades lie dead out there; but it would have been the end of me had not this lady been here to thwart your little game."

"And she are a screamer, pards, fer she jist took me in out of mischief, and yer see how she hev got me fixed."

"Yes, and you are fortunate to escape death at my hands, for I was sorely tempted to shoot you," said Edna indignantly.

"Lordy, I'd a sot heavy on yer conscience, miss; but you do look as though you'd hev clipped my spurs fer me, ef yer didn't let daylight inter my head."

"Now, sir," said Buffalo Bill, "I suppose you know where to find Captain Corduroy?"

"I might be able to strike his trail."

"Well, see that you do, and also see that the sunset finds you out of Pokertown."

"It will, fer a fact."

"Tell Captain Corduroy that circumstances caused me to kill his brothers, and that now that I know him to be on the path of revenge against me, that I, too, will strike the same trail against him, and kill him when and wherever I find him. Go!"

He unfastened the scarf as he spoke, and glad to escape, the villain darted out of the door, his haste causing Andy to laugh heartily.



"Mr. Cody," said Edna, "I remembered after your leaving, that my father's foe, and mine, had a secret haunt in the Dead Man's Cañon, as it was called, that he believed the most secluded of all, and there, if he has not killed my father, he would doubtless take him, aware as he is that you are acquainted with his other retreats.

"That is, if, as you believe, Captain Tiger is Hugh Harcourt."

"I do believe it, Miss Insley, and I thank you for your information, for there will I seek your father, for rest assured, he is not dead."

"Oh, that I could think so!"

"You are aware that by killing your father he could not gain the information he seeks, and he will doubtless try to force from him the secret."

"What will he not suffer, and how deeply do I feel for that poor lady, whoever she may be, who is in the power of these vile ruffians!"

"I leave at once, Miss Insley, and Mr. Dale, the proprietor, and the young clergyman, Mr. Haviland, who is a splendid chap, you can call on should you need aid or advice."

"Good-by;" and ten minutes after, Buffalo Bill was mounted upon Midnight, and riding quickly out of Pokertown, which was still in a state of intense excitement over the late thrilling scenes enacted there.

Watching his departure from the window of a cabin up the valley, was the villain whom Edna Insley had captured.

"Go on, Buffalo Bill, but our trails will meet again, and in settin' me free yer hes shown mercy ter a wolf," he muttered savagely.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CAPTIVES.

The pretended miner who had ridden on the box with Andy Rush, and so suddenly changed himself into a very different looking personage from what he had assumed to be, was certainly nonplused by the sudden turn affairs took when he believed he held the winning hand.

The young clergyman, he saw, was the man who fired upon him, and hit him, too, though the wound was not severe, yet it gave him a sudden shock, and to him, too, he knew that he owed the escape of the stage and its treasure.

The gold carried in the coach he had been anxious to get, especially as he had promised the greater part of it to his men, if he captured the passengers he had made up his mind to get in his power, and it was the treasure the men were most anxious to get their clutches upon.

But in the very moment of success, one bold man, and he wearing the garb of a clergyman, had wrestled from them the treasure.

"But I have you, Boyd Insley, and your fair daughter, and therein I win the game I have played for, though the gold escapes me," hissed the leader of the Desperado Devils as the stage rolled away.

"You see, Satan takes care of his own, Miss Insley, for that shot failed to kill me," sneered the leader, turning to the veiled lady, while in obedience to his orders two of his men were binding the elderly passenger securely.

The lady made no reply, while Mr. Insley, seeing that the chief of the outlaws had made a mistake, said in joyous tones:

"If you meant to seize my daughter, sir, then you are foiled, for that lady is not Miss Insley!"

"Ha! do you mean this?" and Captain Tiger turned quickly toward the veiled lady.

"Ask her," was the response.

"Are you not Edna Insley?" and he seemed to wait breathlessly the response.

"I am not," was the reply in a low voice.

"I believe that you are a sham; that you are Miss Insley."

"You are wrong, sir."

"In Satan's name, how could I make such a mistake?"

Captain Tiger was evidently annoyed.

"We are of a size, and both of us veiled, and as you evidently meant harm to Miss Insley, and have no



reason to hold me in your power, I am glad the mistake was made."

"Thank you, miss, for your kinds words, and you have saved my daughter much misery, for I believe this wretch to be working in the interests of one whom I thought and hoped was dead, yet now feel assured must be alive," said Mr. Insley.

"Who, for instance?" said the chief.

"The name you bear, sir, would fit him well, for he had a tiger heart."

"His name?"

"Which one would you know?"

"Has he two?"

"He has a number."

"Ah! by which one did you know him, may I ask?"

"I will call him Hugh Harcourt."

"Hugh Harcourt?"

The name fairly burst from the lips of the veiled lady, and her startled words could not but attract the attention of the man, who turned and glanced curiously upon her, while she said, addressing Mr. Insley:

"Hugh Harcourt is the name, you say?"

"Yes."

"It seems to me that I have heard it before, but you, sir, are in my power, and I am Captain Tiger, chief of the Desperado Devils."

"I have heard that Captain Tiger was tall, splendidly formed, with a dark face, handsome, full of fascination for those who saw not the evil beneath the surface, while you are——"

"Quite the opposite, miss, though a large man, I am, as you see, neither gracefully formed nor handsome," and Captain Tiger again turned his searching gaze upon the veiled lady, as though striving to see the face she so carefully concealed.

Just then a man approached and said something to Captain Tiger, addressing him in Sioux, which both seemed to understand perfectly, but which they believed was an unknown tongue to the prisoners.

He said:

"The stage escaped, and the boys have returned

and with them, Sandy Tom, who is just from Pokertown, and reports that Buffalo Bill is in town, and evidently plotting mischief against us."

"Yes, and my word for it, that Buffalo Bill yet causes each one of this band to swing for this day's work," burst out Mr. Insley, unmindful of the fact that it were better did he keep the secret of his understanding the Sioux tongue to himself.

"Ha! you understand Indian, do you?"

"Well, you have befriended us all in making the fact known, and I thank you," and Captain Tiger bowed with marked respect.

Mr. Insley bit his lips with chagrin at the mistake he had made, and remained silent, while Captain Tiger again spoke to the man who had just brought news of Bill being in Pokertown, and who was none other than Hyena, the second in command of the band.

"Hyena, bring horses for these prisoners, and then we will go to our stronghold, for I expect the Vigilantes will take our trail after this day's work," said the leader.

"There is no doubt of it, and for the risk we run this lady and gentleman should be made to pay a royal ransom to us," answered Hyena, who was a man evidently in former life accustomed to the best society, and, though fallen and crime-stained, yet had a polish of manner that was marked, even in perpetrating his most devilish acts of cruelty.

That he was disguised was evident, and even Captain Tiger, it was said, had never seen his face free from the false beard he wore.

In obedience to the order of his superior, he led horses into the cañon and placed the veiled lady in a side-saddle, evidently bought for the use of Edna Insley, as easily as though she had been a child, for she offered no resistance.

Mr. Insley was then aided to mount, and the party rode away further into the mountain recesses.

A narrow trail, which forced them to ride in Indian file, led for several miles around the sides of the mountains, through cañons that were mere spits in



the hills, across foaming torrents at fords known only to the desperadoes, and where the misstep of a horse would hurl him and his rider on with the current, and dash them to atoms on the cataracts below.

For months, it was said, the outlaw captain had lived alone in these hills, cañons and mountains, and all that time his daily work was to find a safe retreat from foes.

That safe retreat he most certainly did find, for no one unacquainted with the secluded spot could follow the trail leading to it, and even those who knew it well, in broad daylight needed all their nerve and skill to keep to it.

By night the captain, alone, it was said, had the hardihood to follow it, and Hyena, making the attempt by moonlight, had lost his horse, and barely escaped with his life.

Purest streams of water flowed through the basin, and beneath the clump of majestic trees were half-a-dozen white tents, the mark of the U. S. upon them, showing that they had been captured from the army.

A tent, evidently intended for some general, was the abode of the outlaw chief, and soft bear, buffalo, and panther skins served as a carpet, a Mexican hammock as a bed. With a table covered with books, several easy carpet camp-chairs, and other articles of comfort, it was by no means a disagreeable abiding place.

"Here, my veiled lady, will be your home until we can arrange upon terms which will give you your freedom," and the chief turned to aid the lady to dismount.

But discarding his offered hand, she sprung lightly to the ground and entered the marquee.

"There, Mr. Insley, are your quarters for the present, and it will depend upon you what they will be in the future," and Captain Tiger led the way to a tent nearby.

Upon raising the fly Mr. Insley started, for he saw that within a cage of iron rods had been ingeniously made.

It was about seven feet square, had a canvas ham-

mock and a camp stool within as furniture, and that was all.

A door just large enough to admit a man was in front, and two padlocks held it securely.

"That, sir, was made of iron rods captured from one of Uncle Sam's quartermaster wagons, and one of my men has manufactured a safe cage for you to dwell in, as you see, Mr. Insley," said Captain Tiger.

"Great God! will you confine me in there like a wild beast?" and the poor man shrunk away.

"For the present, yes, and after that you are to determine what is to be your fate.

"Unbind him, Hyena, and put him in his cage, for he is a rare bird I do not wish to escape," and Captain Tiger turned away with a rude laugh, while the poor captive was thrust into the iron-barred prison.

The following morning Captain Tiger wended his way to the large canvas tent where the veiled lady was.

Her veil still concealed her face, and observing it, he looked disappointed.

But he asked:

"Do you still assert that you are not Edna Insley?"

"I do."

"Your voice is strangely like hers?"

"Voices are often alike," was the calm response.

"Your form and general appearance also resemble her."

"Yet I am not the lady you deem me."

"How could I be so mistaken, for I saw her face distinctly, and she, too, was dressed in dark clothing, and when wounded, I bade Hyena to seize her, and you I find instead of Miss Insley—that is, if you are truthful in your denial.

"Will you permit me to see your face?"

"When I have heard what your intention regarding me is."

"To obtain ransom."

"You have a different motive regarding Miss Insley?"

"Yes."

"And her unfortunate father?"



"Yes."

"But will you release me for ransom."

"I will."

"Name your price."

"Are you rich?"

"I am able to pay a fair sum."

"Such as a couple of thousand, for instance?"

"Yes, but upon conditions."

"Then I must make the amount larger to meet the conditions."

"I will not pay one dollar more."

"Then five thousand it must be."

"Upon conditions."

"Name them."

"You said you knew of one named Hugh Harcourt?"

The man started, but it did not escape the quick eye of the woman.

"I have heard of such a man," was the reply.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No."

"Could you help me to find him?"

"I could not; but why do you ask?"

"That, I will not disclose."

"Is there a secret in it, then?"

"Yes."

"If I knew," said Captain Tiger slowly, after a moment of hesitation, "the whereabouts of one person, I might find Harcourt for you; that is, if I was certain you meant him no harm."

"Why should you care what befell such a one as he is?"

"Simply, I care for him upon the principle of fraternity, for, as a villain myself, it is my duty to protect a fellow villain."

The words were uttered in a tone which riveted the attention of the woman, who said in measured tones:

"I am so anxious to find him, that I must confess to you that he is connected to me by ties of the strongest kind."

Again the man started; but with assumed indifference, asked:

"A brother, perhaps?"

"No."

"Not a husband, surely?"

"Yes."

"By Heaven! you are Gertrude!"

The words broke from the man's lips full of frenzied passion, and he turned livid.

It seemed evident that he had betrayed himself, for a curse was crushed back between his lips, as the woman cried:

"Yes, I am Gertrude, his deserted wife, whom he so cruelly wronged."

"But who are you who calls me by name?"

"I—I have to confess that I know Harcourt well, and he has often spoken to me of his wife Gertrude, whom he loved so dearly, and whom a cruel fate caused him to be separated from."

"Man, you dare not bring me face to face with Hugh Harcourt and let him tell me that he loves me, and a cruel fate divided us," she said with suppressed emotion.

"I will do all that I can to restore him to you, and—ha!"

The cry was wrung from him as the woman suddenly bounded forward with the spring of a panther, and, ere he could resist, had torn from his face and head the false beard and wig he wore.

"At last your voice betrayed you, Hugh Harcourt, we are again face to face."

The words rung like a trumpet from the lips of the woman, and at the same time she drew off her veil with one hand, and with the other, leveled a revolver at his heart.

"Now, Hugh Harcourt, if you have not forgotten to pray, put in a prayer, for you have just one moment to live!"

That he was in the direst danger Captain Tiger well knew, for he saw before him a woman whose dovelike nature, changed by his wrongs to her, had become merciless and revengeful.

The steadiness of her hand that held the revolver



told him her aim would be sure, and he almost gave himself up for lost.

The time was passing, and the slender finger was on the trigger, and in sheer despair he blurted out:

"Oh, Gertrude! be merciful to me, a sinner."

"No."

"Do you think your conscience will not haunt you with my life until you die?"

"I have weighed all that I am to suffer, Hugh Harcourt, and when you have died by my hand, peace and consolation, if not happiness, will come to me."

"Then give me time to pray."

"You shall have just one more minute, for the time that I gave you is up."

"Now, Hugh Harcourt, if you dare appeal to God, do so quickly, for so help me Heaven! I fire at the end of that time."

He bowed his head, yet not in prayer, but in a plot to escape her.

Did he spring upon her, it would be certain death, he felt. Did he call out, her slender finger would at once draw upon the trigger.

Under excitement, and the prosecution of his guilty ends, Hugh Harcourt would face any danger, and take tremendous odds against death.

Yet with this woman, whom he had so wronged, to threaten him with death, and thereby gain her revenge, he became a coward, and quivered visibly with terror.

In mortal agony he raised his head, and as he did so, he saw a dark form glide into the tent with the step of a panther, so noiseless was it, and the weapon of the woman was struck from her hand, just as her lips were about to part with the fatal words that the minute was up.

"Ha!"

The exclamation burst in a frenzy from the woman, and white with passion, she turned upon the one who had disarmed her, and thus cheated her of revenge.

"Foiled! How dare you save the life of that wretch?" she hissed, and her right hand fell upon the hilt of a knife, half-concealed in the folds of her dress.

"Saw the captain in danger, miss, for you looked as though you meant deadly work, so chipped in to save him," was the indifferent answer.

Seeing that he was safe at once restored Captain Tiger's natural nerve and affrontery, and, in the coolest manner possible, he said:

"And I thank you, Hyena, and am yours to command. Your coming was most providential."

"Do not blaspheme, sir, by saying Providence would aid such as you."

"No, no, it was not the act of Providence, but the hand of Satan that protected his own," hissed the woman.

"Call it what you may, sweet Gertrude, I am safe and you are doomed," said Captain Tiger, in hoarse tones.

"Doomed?"

"Yes; for I will see that my life is no longer in danger of being cut short by your roaming at large."

"Hyena, put her in the cage where Mr. Insley now is, and send him to the den," was the cool order.

"I will see to it, while you go out and meet two men who have been brought in by the sentinels."

"Prisoners?"

"No, they say they wish to join the band."

"Good; for our number has been diminished of late."

"I will see them," and Captain Tiger was left alone in the tent, while the poor woman was given over to the tender mercies of Hyena, and in the two men, the Tiger found Captain Corduroy and the other man of his gang come to join the outlaws.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### BUFFALO BILL'S RED ALLIES.

"I know who will help me find that Devil's Den," muttered Buffalo Bill, as he rode away from POKERTOWN to take up the trail of Captain Tiger and his band, and save Mr. Insley and the veiled woman captured instead of Edna.

At a swinging gallop he made his way where the



trail was good, going at a walk where it was not, and before long came to a large Indian village in the mountains.

It was the village of the great chief, Black Bear, and who had a warm regard for Buffalo Bill, as more than once the scout had rescued his daughter, Red Dove, from other tribes who had captured her, and also from several wicked whites.

The mother of Red Dove had been a captive white girl when Black Bear made her his wife, and the heart of the old chief went out to the pretty half-breed girl as to no one else, while the sorrow of her life was that the great scout did not return the affection she felt for him.

Buffalo Bill's welcome by both Black Bear and Red Dove was a hearty one, and the scout at once made known his wishes, that he wanted a score of young men to go with him on a war trail.

"I will go with the Great White Chief and take my own young braves," said Red Dove, referring to her own body guard of two dozen braves, who were devoted to her.

So it was arranged, and that very night the trail was taken for the retreat of the outlaws.

To the trail of the outlaws after their attack on the stagecoach, Buffalo Bill led the Indians, and after a camp for rest, they started out on the hard week before them.

After a ride of several miles they came upon a wild and rugged cañon with a flooring of solid rock, through which the trail led, yet where not the slightest sign was visible.

Here a halt was made, a camping place was found nearby, and all set to work to discover what cunning device the outlaw had taken to cover up his tracks.

A search resulted in the discovery that the cañon branched off into mountain passes of the wildest nature, and not one of them was there but was too hard to leave even the mark of an iron hoof.

Beyond the entrance to the cañon some distance, Buffalo Bill descried a well-worn trail, and instantly he called all his red allies to aid him.

But the secret way could not be found, and Buffalo Bill decided to await the coming of some one of the outlaw band and capture him.

He took up his position, lariat in hand, and after a wait of hours, beheld a man approaching.

A skillful throw of the lariat and the man, a fine-looking young fellow, was a prisoner.

But all entreaties were in vain, all offers of life and bribes to make him betray his comrades were useless.

"Then I shall have to turn you over to my red allies," said Buffalo Bill, and a bluff was made to do so; but the young man remained firm, and the scout said:

"I like you, and your wonderful pluck, and I'll give you your life on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you do not return to the outlaw retreat for three days, and that you leave here on foot."

"I'll accept your terms, and keep my part of the compact."

"I believe you, and the papers I find on you, letters from your mother, Mr. Charles Chambers, make me feel that you did not become an outlaw from choice, and are not a bad man at heart."

"So, I cannot but respect, as I was saying, the honor you showed toward your outlaw pals, yet it does not do me any good, for those who are suffering at your hands."

"I must serve my comrades above all else."

Buffalo Bill gazed fixedly into the face of his prisoner, but the young outlaw did not quiver in a single nerve.

"I will not betray my comrades!"

"There is a large reward offered for the head of Captain Tiger and each member of his band."

"I know it."

"You can do the country a service, get a pardon for your crimes, and receive a snug little fortune in gold with which you can return and support the old mother."

"Don't tempt me, sir."

"Your mother is doubtless poor, or you would not be here trying to rob for gold."



"I will not support her upon the blood money of my comrades," was the spirited reply.

Buffalo Bill liked the fellow more and more, but his duty was to force from him his secret, and he again said:

"Then you prefer to kill a man, and rob him, one who has never harmed you, than to take gold for betraying those who, like yourself, are a curse to civilization?"

"You are severe, but yet I will not betray those who trust in me.

"I am poor, yes, yet it is by my own act that I am, for I was a wild youth, and ran through with a small fortune left me by my father, and my mother paid my debts with her fortune.

"To repay her, for at last my eyes were opened to my course, I came West to dig out of the mines my fortune.

"I need not tell you that I turned over tons of rock, and got only pennies in return in gold, so, growing desperate, I gambled, drank, killed a man who cheated me, and he being popular, I would have been lynched but for the aid of two men who saved my life and took me out of danger.

"Those two men were Captain Tiger and Hyena, and, in desperation, I joined their band.

"Now, sir, you know my history, and if you knew my nature half as well, would see it was utterly useless to attempt to get me to betray those whom I call friends."

All this was said in a frank manner, that carried truth with every word, and Buffalo Bill knew that he had one to deal with who was every inch a man.

After a moment, Buffalo Bill asked:

"Who discovered the retreat?"

"The Tiger, and it took him a month, he says, to find his way out, and he and Hyena are the only ones who dare attempt it at night, and besides those two,

I am the only one who dare attempt the trip by day without their guidance."

"And yet you just came from there?"

"Yes, I left the retreat some hours ago."

"The Tiger, as you call him, has some prisoners there?"

"I divulge no secrets, sir," said the outlaw, with a smile.

"Not intentionally, I admit," and Bill smiled peculiarly, and the cause was a mystery to the young outlaw.

"Now, my friend, you can go, and remember, remain away from the stronghold until the third day from this."

"I will not break my pledge.

"I thank you. Good-by."

He turned and walked away, raising his hat lightly to Red Dove as he passed her, a salute which she returned with a smile, for she could not but admire the handsome young dare-devil.

"Good-by, scalpers," he said, gayly, to the stolid warriors, and, patting his horse an affectionate good-by, he passed on, and soon disappeared from sight down the cañon.

"The White Chief smiled," said Red Dove, inquiringly, for she read in the face of Buffalo Bill that he was playing a part.

"Yes, I have just played my trump card."

"How?"

"That's man horse knows the way to the stronghold, and I shall ride him there," was the calm response. "I took possession of it on that account."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TRAILS END.

Mounted upon the outlaw's horse, Buffalo Bill turned him on the trail, and let him have his head.



The animal set off, as though he knew just how to go.

Red Dove and her braves followed.

Around dizzy precipices, through strange and dangerous ways, the faithful horse went on, until just before sunset the arch of rocks before spoken of came in view.

Beyond, Buffalo Bill saw the tents of the bandits, and knew that he had reached the retreat of Captain Tiger.

"Found!" he cried joyously.

"But I passed no sentinel, and they would certainly keep a man on duty, though they need not so far as the approach to their stronghold is concerned, for the way I came is bare enough to keep back almost any one.

"Ah! I have it, we struck the trail this side of the sentinel, he being nearer the stage road, by way of which they expect their foes to come."

"Now, to enter the stronghold, and, Bill, remember, you need all your nerve now, for a mistake will cost you your life."

He said this grimly, and in the gathering gloom, rode on toward the larger tent.

The dumb trailer had brought him unerringly to the goal of his hopes, and upon the man, not the brute, depended the rest, and his red allies.

A halt was made to prepare for the rush, and then came Buffalo Bill's wild war cry, echoed by the red braves, and the surprise was complete when the scout sprung into the quarters of the Tiger and the Hyena, the two officers of the outlaws.

Down went Captain Tiger, under the fire of Buffalo Bill, while Hyena fell under a shot from an Indian. The red allies quickly silenced the remnant of the Desperado Devils.

Mr. Insley, and Captain Tiger's wife, Gertrude, were found securely bound, quickly set free, and the victory was complete.

Much of the booty and many horses were turned over to Red Dove and her braves, and, after a rest of several days, Buffalo Bill and the rescued prisoners started for Pokertown, just as Charles Chambers, the young outlaw, rode into the retreat.

"You shall come as a rescued prisoner, and I will give you a chance to redeem your life," said Buffalo Bill, and the young man was glad of the chance.

Directed by Edna, Buffalo Bill found the hiding place of Mr. Insley's gold, and it was placed upon the led horses and the next day the scout, young Charles Chambers and the two women, rode into Pokertown, where great was the welcome they received.

The deserted wife decided to remain in Pokertown until Mr. Insley could settle up his affairs and start East, and Edna was glad of her company.

Buffalo Bill installed Charlie Chambers as cowboy manager of his ranch, and it was the making of the young man, who in time returned to his mother with a small fortune, and later married Edna Insley, who knew of his few months of wild life and forgave him.

Years later, Buffalo Bill, when going East, visited the happy couple, and was a most welcome guest.

But out on the Border the story is still told how Buffalo Bill fought on horseback Captain Corduroy and his gang, and how they were wiped out when found in the stronghold of the Desperado Devils.

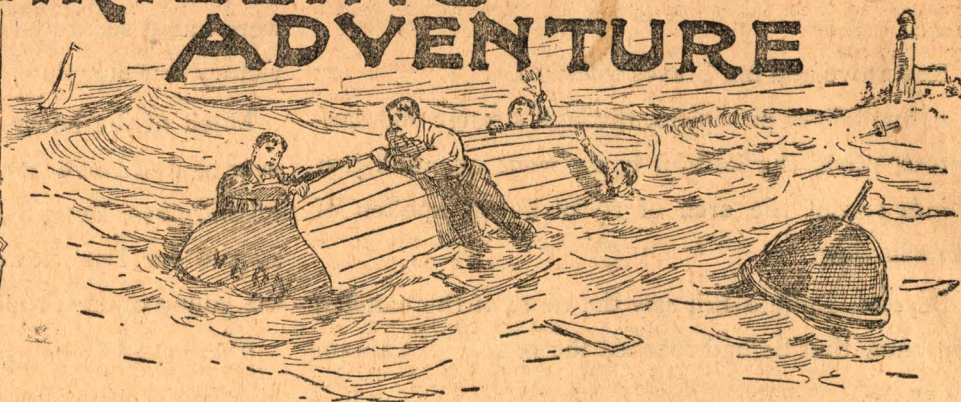
THE END.

Next week's issue, No. 45, will contain "Buffalo Bill in the Bad Lands; or, Trailing the Veiled Squaw." Look out for it, boys, it's a corker. Who was the mysterious veiled squaw? You'll read all about her in next week's issue.





# THRILLING ADVENTURE



Do you like excitement, boys? If you do, get in this contest. Everybody seems to have entered it. Letters by the hundred from every State in the Union, and all thrillers. Here are some adventures that will make your hair stand on end. If you don't know all about the new contest, look on page 30.

## A Race for Life.

(By Wm. Sullivan, Mass.)

Our house was on the side of a hill facing the swift river. I had to bring dinner every day to my father, who was working down the river cutting logs.

On this day my skate got caught in a twig and was pulled off. I stopped to put it on, and while doing so I thought I heard the howl of a wolf. I listened, and it came again.

I quickly skated along, but there seemed to be more wolves now and they were trying to head me off.

I put on more speed, but I could not gain any. First one came running behind me, another beside me, and circling around me.

Could I reach the old apple tree at the bend?

They were close behind me.

I neared the tree and went whizzing under it. I grabbed a low hanging branch and pulled myself up, just in time.

I stayed there until my father with a gang of woodchoppers came and drove the wolves away.

## A Railway Adventure.

(By C. Oslund, Mass.)

Two years ago another young man and I were on our way to Tombstone, Ariz. We traveled by beating our way by freights. All went very well till we got as far southwest as New Mexico, where freighting became rather hard.

The night was a dark and weary one, and my friend and I were riding a box-car from El Paso, Tex., to Deming, New Mexico. Brakemen or "schaks," as we called them, were very much opposed to having tramps or hobos ride their trains unless they had a sum of money or a flask of whisky.

We had neither, but we did have a brace of guns each.

My friend had been out there before, and knew something about it. We had been riding about a half hour when a "schak" came over the tops from the caboose full of bad whisky and trouble. When he came up he pulled his gun and yelled for us to come up or he would fill us with lead. I grew a little nervous, but my friend said to let him do the talking and stuck his head through the bumper door and asked him what he wanted.

The "schak's" answer was a pair of bullets, one of which hit me in the leg. My friend then climbed out on the bumpers and up so that his eye was on the level with the car roof and pulled his gun and shot him in the shoulder.

The brakeman gave a cry of pain, and retreated.

By this time other "schaks" came up, and with them was a cowboy. Then commenced a regular war, which ended with two more bullets in my body. My friend had opened the side

door and prepared to jump out when the cowboy dropped on one knee and let fly a bullet which took him in the shoulder and with a scream he pitched headlong into the darkness. I was left in the car on the floor with three bullets in me. I tried to crawl to the door and fall out, and in this I was successful.

A hail of lead followed me, but I landed with a few bruises and scratches. My friend found me, and together we fixed up our wounds as best we could, and then dragged ourselves to a ranch, where medical aid was given us.

## A Thrilling Story.

(By Louis Kaplan, Pa.)

Many years ago I was in the country.

One summer day, a very stormy day, I took off my shoes and stockings and went to wade in the water. I kept on wading and waded until I came to a bridge.

The bridge was overflowed and the water was deep. I stopped and started to fool around.

Suddenly I came to the end of the bridge. I could not see the end of the bridge, and I fell in.

I could not swim, so I nearly drowned, but I happened to catch hold of a plank until somebody pulled me out. Then a lady took me in her house to dry my clothes out. As I was about to pull off my coat I felt something moving around me. I pulled off my clothes, and found a snake on my leg. I was a water snake. I grabbed it by the neck and choked it.

I dried my clothes and went home. I put the snake in a bottle, and I have it yet.

## A Fight With a Bear.

(By J. R. Townsend, Ind.)

I tell you we had a pretty exciting time—I mean Park Ston and myself—in a forest in Maine. Park and I started out to look for bears. When we arrived on the ground we encamped for the night in an old log hut that had been used by lumbermen. The door of the hut was not very strong, but we fastened it the best way we could, and lay down to sleep wrapped in blankets. About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a crashing noise, and almost instantly a big bear stood beside me. It had broken down the door, and was in search of forage. Park was awfully scared, and tried to play possum. But I knew that wouldn't do, so I rose up, seized my rifle, and banged away at the bear. I only wounded it in the neck, and with a howl of pain it dashed out of the shanty and disappeared in a thicket.

The next morning, after a hasty breakfast, we started



pursuit. We tracked it by the blood for fully a mile, when it disappeared in a thicket of briars and underbrush near a creek. I knew it was not safe to follow too closely, for a wounded bear, if cornered, we'll fight fiercely.

Finding a high stump, I stationed Park on it, with orders to watch closely while I went around on the other side of the thicket, about half a mile, to drive the bear back, so that Park could shoot it.

In less than an hour I heard a crackling of the underbrush, and I knew that the bear had scented me, and was moving. I kept quiet for ten minutes, when suddenly Park fired his gun, and I knew he had got down to business. I went to his assistance just as fast as I could, and I didn't get there a minute too soon. The bear caught him and was tossing him about like a football.

When he fired he was so excited that he missed his mark, and the bear rushed on him, knocked his gun out of his hand with one paw and seized him with the other.

The bear was dreadfully riled, and I couldn't shoot for fear of killing Park. So I dropped my gun, drew my hunting hatchet and attacked the bear. Seeing me, it dropped Park and came for me, displaying as fine a set of teeth as you ever saw.

I struck it in the neck with the hatchet, but at the same time it struck me with its paw and knocked me about twenty feet.

I was up again in an instant, and ready for fight, but when I looked at the bear it was in the last agonies of death, for I had cut its windpipe with my hatchet.

On getting it home that evening we found that it weighed 215 pounds.

### A Close Call from Drowning.

(By J. L. Rossignol, Ga.)

It was in the June of 1899, my two brothers and another boy and I were going swimming in a creek about five miles out in the country.

After getting there we all got in the water. There was only one of us could swim, and he decided to take me across by holding me on top of the water.

Well, we got across all right, but when we were coming back and were about in the middle of the creek, my brother, who could swim a little, swam out and shoved me under, just for fun, he said, and, of course, I got loose and was nearly drowning, when my other brother saw my peril and sprang into the stream after me.

He could not swim a lick, but reached me in time, and gave a shove and I reached shore in safety. The other boys were so scared that they forgot about me. It was as close a call as I ever had in the water, and I never wish to have another one like it again, if I can help myself.

### Saved by a Landslide.

(By Jennings Walker, N. C.)

On a cold winter day, while I was out hunting in the Rocky Mountains, I came across the track of a bear. I had an old muzzle-loading shotgun and a good horse. Starting with these I tracked the bear to a hole between two rocks in the mountain side. I was standing on one of the steepest sides of the mountain when all at once I saw the bear coming toward me. I leveled my gun at him and shot both barrels at the same time. Before I could reload, the bear, apparently uninjured, was upon me, and I had to use the butt of my gun as a club. It had rained hard the night before, and the ground was still wet.

All at once the land began sliding down the mountain side with me, my horse and the bear on top of it.

I knew at once that I was being carried down the mountain-side by an avalanche, so common in those regions. If it had not been for this landslide I expect I would have been killed by the bear because I was already nearly exhausted when the land started sliding.

I expect the reason the land started sliding was because the

rain had sank into the ground and loosened the upper part of it, and when the bear attacked me he started the loose ground to moving.

My horse slipped out from under me and went rolling down the hill. After receiving many bruises, I finally landed in the river, which was so cold that I almost froze to death. I could not swim a stroke, so I caught hold of a stump that was sticking up out of the water.

I halloed for help until I grew so weak that I could hardly hold on to the stump.

I had been in this place about two hours, when all at once I heard a party of men coming along the bank. I called to them, and they came to my rescue. I saw that they were fishermen, and had plenty of ropes. They threw one of the ropes out to me and dragged me to the shore. My horse and the bear were both killed. I was so numb that they had to carry me home.

I was sick for more than a month afterward, and have never cared about going hunting in the mountains since.

We don't wonder you were sick, Jennings. Yours was an unusual experience, a fight with a bear, a trip on a landslide, and a narrow escape from drowning.

### A Snake Adventure.

(By Charles Rockefeller, Illinois.)

This happened to myself and others some years ago on the Missouri River.

Myself and brother and his wife, with whom I was paying a visit, wished to spend the day fishing. After we rented a boat we started to go across the river. When we had got about two-thirds across the river my brother spoke of a place along the river where there were high banks, and where it is said that no man ever landed a boat and returned home alive.

We were anxious to see this place. It took us half an hour to get near this bank, when a strong current of water overturned the boat and we were all in the water, and as the water was cold we had a hard time to get near the shore.

When at last we got near to the bank we saw that the river had a kind of an under-current, and this made the place dangerous.

While we were trying to climb out of the water we found that the current took us under ground, and after we had been swept perhaps fifty feet we came where the water was not more than two feet deep, and as there was not much light we could not see very well.

The first thing we heard was a sissing noise and a streak of something we could not tell what it was it was so quick. Something struck me on the back, and I felt it hanging there, and while I was trying to get it off the ground overhead caved in.

We had light then, and my brother cried to me to keep still.

As soon as he got near me he struck me a blow on the back. I got angry and made some remark to him, and he said to look behind myself before I said too much.

On looking I found a large rattlesnake on the ground stunned with the blow my brother gave it. The rattlesnake was over two feet and a half long, and had five rattles, and I think this was as close a call as I ever want to have, and as exciting. It had fastened its teeth into my coat, and if it had not done this it would have bitten me, and being so far from home, I would have died before we got home.

### Over the Handlebars, but Still in the Ring.

(By R. J. Hammond, Fla.)

It was a very rainy day and the streets were covered in water, which made them very slippery.

I was riding down Main street on my wheel when it commenced to rain very hard. I was making good time, and when I tried to turn in near the sidewalk my wheel slipped from under me and I went over the handlebar and barely missed hitting my head on a carriage wheel which would have killed me. I got up slightly disfigured, but still in the ring.



# BOYHOODS OF FAMOUS MEN.

This department contains each week the story of the early career of some celebrated American. Watch for these stories and read them, boys. They are of the most fascinating interest.

Those already published are: No. 1—Buffalo Bill; No. 2—Kit Carson; No. 3—Texas Jack; No. 4—Col. Daniel Boone; Nos. 5 and 6—David Crockett; No. 7—General Sam Houston; Nos. 8 and 9—Lewis Wetzel; Nos. 10 and 11—Capt. John Smith; No. 12—Wild Bill; No. 13—Dr. Frank Powell, the Surgeon Scout; No. 14—Buckskin Sam; No. 15—Seneca Adams ("Old Grizzly" Adams); No. 16—Pony Bob (Bob Haslam); No. 17—Major John M. Burke (Arizona Jack); No. 18—Kit Carson, Jr.; No. 19—Charles Emmett (Dashing Charlie); No. 20—Alf Slade; No. 21—Arizona Charlie (Charlie Meadows).

## No. 22—Yellow Hair, the White Boy Chief.

(WILLIAM BURGESS.)

Mr. Burgess was a pioneer into the wilds of the far West, when his son Willie was only a boy of eight years of age.

But Willie thought himself a man, even at that tender age, and had his pony, little rifle and revolver, and assumed border ways.

His father was glad to see his little son learn to ride, shoot, throw a rope, and bring down game, while he allowed him to go to the Indian village near and the boy quickly picked up their language and learned redskin ways.

When at home he had to study hard, and Willie was more anxious to learn how to kill game, fish, trap and follow the trail with the Indian boys than to learn lessons from books.

One day Willie went to visit at the home of a rancher some forty miles from his home when a band of hostile Sioux raided into the settlement and attacked the place the first night he was there.

It was then that Willie killed his first Indian, in defense of the lady of the house, who was, however, killed before his eyes.

To his surprise, Willie Burgess was not killed, though he was dealt a blow that stunned him.

When he came to the Indians were preparing to move off, having killed all the family and gotten a large lot of booty.

The cabins were in flames and Willie sought to slip away, but he was seen and would have been killed had not the chief called out:

"Keep the boy papoose—brave boy, killed brave—keep him for brave—call him Yellow Hair."

Willie had long blond hair and was a handsome boy, but he did not like being called a "papoose," nor being adopted as the chief's son.

But he had to submit, and was tied on the back of a pony, and felt that he had a slim chance of escape.

All through the night the Indian raiders pressed on, halting at daybreak to fight the band of settlers who pursued them, but were beaten off.

Through the fight Willie was in full range, tied to his horse, the animal being killed.

He was hurt by the horse falling upon him, but had to lie there until the fight was over, when he was taken and tied on the back of another animal.

Through the day the Indians retreated, and that night reached their village.

Then Willie was set free and told to live in the tepee of the chief, Black Bear.

At first the novelty of his situation kept the boy from feeling how terrible it was; but he soon began to realize it, and when night came, wrapped in his blanket in the tepee of Black Bear, he would cry himself to sleep, for well he knew that his mother and all at his happy home had heard of the massacre of the family he had gone to visit, and would regard him as among the slain.

But Black Bear was disturbed one night by his crying and gave Willie such a beating that he decided to keep quiet, and did.

In time he began to realize that for him to escape then was impossible, and he would make the best of it until a chance to do so came his way.

He was with the Sioux boys, learned their games, just how to follow a trail, make bows and arrows and to trap birds.

He was strong for his age, could run fast, jump far and high, and was soon able to defeat any Indian boy who was not much larger and older.

Learning the Sioux language quickly, he pretended to have forgotten all about his people and his home and to have become a "good little Injun boy."

But he was thinking all the time.

One day the Sioux scouts came rushing in with news that a large force of Pawnee Indians were marching upon their village.

At once all was excitement, and preparation for the fight that must follow.

Yellow Hair, as the Sioux called Willie, was given a duty to perform, with other boys, and he really enjoyed it, and feeling that the villagers would whip their foes, he was glad to show what he could do.

There were hundreds of Pawnee braves, and they were under a great chief who was a good general.

The fight was begun furiously, and kept up for hours.

The slaughter was great, the Sioux head chief, Black Bear, was killed right by the side of the paleface boy, who would have shared his fate had he not been spared to take back as a prisoner.

The slaughter was terrible, and at last the Sioux were put to wild flight and hid in the mountains.

Burning the village and loaded down with booty, having



taken many scalps and with Yellow Hair the white boy, the only prisoner, the Pawnees set off on their retreat, carrying their wounded and dead with them.

It was a long, hard, cruel march of several days; but at last the Pawnee village was reached and at once followed the wildest kind of a rumpus.

The wailing for their dead and wounded was offset by the yells of triumph, beating of drums, singing of squaws, shouting of children, and barking of dogs with which every Indian village abounds.

Yellow Hair witnessed all this with awe and curiosity and he could understand how rejoiced the Pawnees were at having defeated on their own ground their bitter foes, the Sioux.

For the boy it was "out of the frying pan into the fire," for though the Pawnees were supposed to be then friendly with the whites, Willie saw no chance of escaping from them.

He was adopted by the head chief, and was allowed to keep his name of Yellow Hair.

As the Indians near his home had been Pawnees he had already learned their language and within a couple of months spoke it as well as they did.

He decided to make himself felt in his new home, and was not long in showing the Pawnee boys what he could do, and what he knew about Pawnee ways.

He could readily whip any Pawnee boy near his age in the village, could outshoot them with rifle, revolver, bow and arrow, and surprised them by his horsemanship, speed on foot, throwing the lasso and many tricks that he knew.

The chief and warriors watched him closely and admired his daring and skill, until one day he was called to the council tepee and given the name of "Yellow Hair, the Boy Chief of the Pawnees."

From that day Willie Burgess began to put on airs as a boy chief, and he was further honored by being allowed to go with a band of braves on a war trail against the Sioux.

On this trail Willie got a Sioux scalp, and captured a warrior, and was sorry for it later, when the unfortunate prisoner was taken back to the Pawnee village, and burned at the stake.

When told to set fire to the poor captive whom he had captured, Yellow Hair dared not refuse, for he well knew what would be his fate if he did; but the act and the sight haunted him for many a long day afterward, and he made up his mind never to take another brave captive.

At first he had suggested that if the Pawnees would take him to his home they would be well rewarded by his parents; but this was received in such a way that he dared not suggest it again. He silently planned his own way of escaping.

For over two years Willie had been a boy chief of the Pawnees, and no chance for escape offered.

The village had been twice attacked by the Sioux, and once by the Cheyennes, and both tribes had been beaten off, while prisoners taken had in each case been tortured to death at the stake, to the boy's great horror.

Several times had he been taken on the warpath with bands of Pawnee braves, and thus been a participant in a number of fierce fights.

At last arrangements were made to make a grand move against a large village of the Sioux.

Willie and his Indian boy braves were to be taken along to make a big show, and the Pawnee village was almost stripped of men.

The advance was made and the attack was made on the Sioux village late in the afternoon.

But what was expected to be a complete surprise to the Sioux turned out just the other way.

The Sioux had known of the coming of their foes and the surprise was for the Pawnees.

In great numbers the Sioux rushed upon their enemies, overwhelmed, crushed them literally, and put them to flight.

Then Yellow Hair decided upon his escape.

It was nearly night and he watched his chance well, dropped back from among the flying Pawnee braves, when only a few Sioux were visible in pursuit, and falling heavily he pretended to be shot.

He had his eye upon a Sioux chief upon a fine spotted pony, and saw him ride toward him to take his scalp.

Yellow Hair watched closely, saw that the Pawnees were out of sight, and only the chief near and coming on rapidly.

He had a revolver which he had held to during his life among the Indians, and when the spotted pony halted almost upon him and the chief leaped to the ground, scalping knife in hand, Yellow Hair fired.

Down dropped the chief as the boy seized the pony, drew the war bonnet from the head of the Indian and, leaping into the saddle was off like an arrow.

Several mounted Sioux some distance from him started in pursuit and the chase became hot.

But Willie edged off so as not to overtake the Pawnees and their pursuers, and the spotted pony proving a good one, he soon began to draw ahead.

Tied to the saddle of the pony hung a Winchester rifle, all loaded, and as one Sioux came nearer the boy halted and fired.

Hoping to escape, he had with him a lot of food and his blankets, and pushing on rapidly into the night, shaped his trail so as to reach the nearest white settlements.

This he did after a week on the trail. He was very hungry and worn out, for the Winchester shells were useless, and he could shoot no game.

In good time he reached his home after over three years' absence, and really more Indian than white boy in his appearance and ways.

He had forgotten much of his English and white boy ways. But the welcome he received was enough to force from him all memory of what he had suffered, and he was glad to go to school again, for his having been Yellow Hair, the Boy Chief, had not utterly ruined him.

In a raid months after, of a force of soldiers against the Sioux, Willie acted as the boy guide and so well did he do the work that he was complimented by General Sheridan and given a medal for his services.

Later he was the means of securing a lasting peace among the Pawnees with the whites, by going to their village, and for this he was well rewarded.

Will Burgess had decided upon a life work of great interest to him, and this was to get out a book on the Indian languages.

To do this he went to dwell among the Indian tribes, making a study of their languages, their customs and all that he could learn about them. In each tribe he was known as "Yellow Hair, the White Chief," and to-day is living in Nebraska, where he is regarded as a most competent authority upon all pertaining to the great Indian tribes of the Northwest, and also by his neighbors as a "man with a record."

## A Sprint for Safety.

(By Ray Getman, N. Y.)

About a mile from my home is a bit of thick forest commonly known as "Black Hannah's Woods." Just at the edge of this woods stands a little old cabin, slowly falling to pieces, and beyond the cabin is a large, uneven field which is used as a pasturage by Mr. Chaderick, the owner of the woods. The cabin is said to have been occupied by an old negro woman named Hannah, years ago.

It was through Mr. Chaderick's cow pasture that I ran in one of the fastest and most desperate races I ever indulged in.



A friend named Tom Lamm and myself went to this field one afternoon to pick strawberries, and to have a good time. Goodness how we did eat.

I remember that I was just remarking to Tommy that we must soon be going home, when suddenly he jumped up and cried out that Chaderick's big bull was coming. In terror I looked over my shoulder, and saw what to me looked like a black monster running toward us.

Without a word we both started up and legged it in the direction of Hannah's cabin. We were perhaps two hundred yards from it, and we moved at what seemed to me a snail's pace. Steadily the bull gained on us.

A hundred and fifty yards flew by. Now he was within ten yards—at least, so it seemed to us. Unfortunately Tom was not much of a sprinter, and consequently he suddenly became "all in" and fell headlong.

So swift was the pace the bull cut that he passed clean over the boy's body and charged upon me. One hope remained. Yelling to Tom to get up and run, I suddenly turned and faced the brute. He was within five or six feet of me, his huge head close to the earth.

I jumped suddenly to the right and he flew by like a flash. Then, without looking behind, I ran toward the hut. Tommy was by this time almost at the cabin door. In a minute I heard the rush of hoofs behind me, and then I knew that I must repeat my trick.

Just how many times I dodged King Taurus I am unable to recollect, but I do remember that at last I succeeded in reaching the old house. I dashed through the narrow doorway and up the stairs, while Taurus stood panting at the opening unable to squeeze himself through.

All day we remained in that old hut, watching for an opportunity to escape, but Taurus gave us none. At length about six o'clock a man came in with a big whip to drive the cows to the farm. He seemed surprised at seeing the bull and beat a

hasty retreat to the rail fence. We called to him and he promised to help us.

He went away, and in ten or fifteen minutes returned with three other men. Between them they drove the beast into his own field, an enclosure fenced off at one end of the lot, and securely fastened the gate, or bars.

In closing, I will only remark that we scurried home, thankful for our escape, and that in the future we gave that strawberry patch "a wide berth."

### A Terrible Ride.

(By Robert Hand, New Jersey.)

I am now eighteen years old, have been around horses all my life, and am considered a fairly good rider. Three years ago a friend of my father's asked me to ride his horse. I consented, saddled the horse, got on him, and started off. All went well until I attempted to hurry him. As soon as I touched him with the spurs he stopped short and tried to bite my legs. I fought him a long time, and at last got him started.

He went along all right for a mile or so, when he took it into his head to bolt.

The horse bolted, jumped over a fence, bucked across the field and cut up like a wild broncho. To make matters worse, one of my stirrups broke, and then I was entirely at the mercy of the horse.

He took me out of the field, started down the road, slipped on the ice, fell, and that was the last I knew until I returned to consciousness several hours later.

I went home and found that the horse had reached his home first. I was sore and stiff for over a month afterward, and would not go through such an experience again for a thousand dollars.

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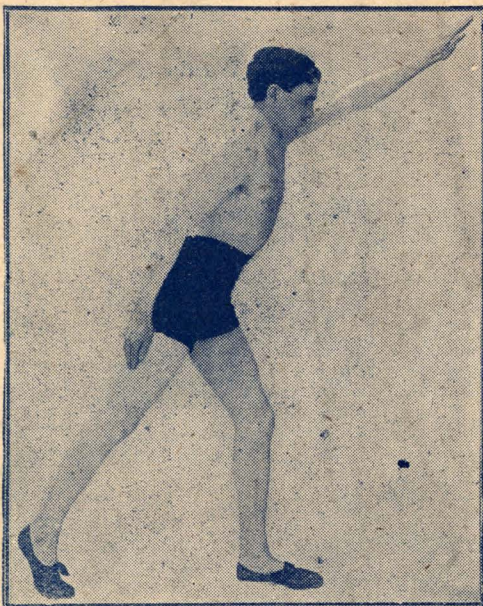
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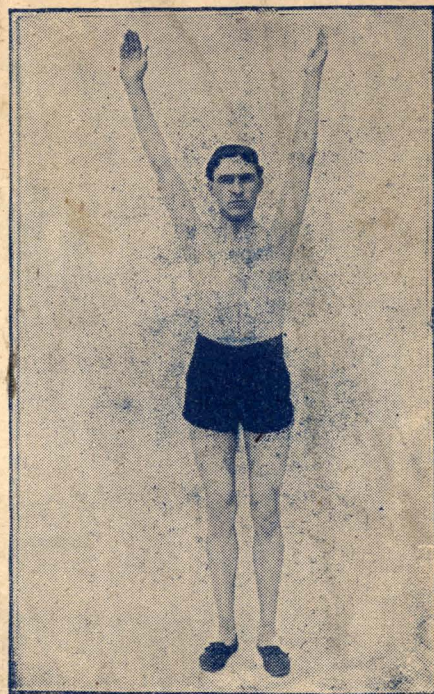
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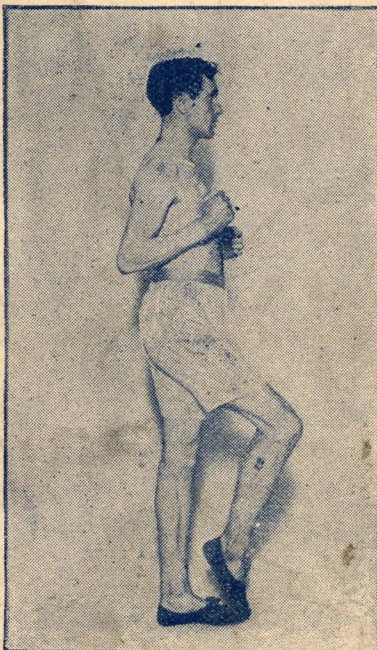
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